DRAWING HELPFUL LESSONS

From Past Experiences and Vicissitude. Advantages of Early Home Teachings and Surroundings.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stirring memories and interprets the meaning of life's vicissitudes. The text is Psalms xxxix. 3. "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tendor reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate: I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spendall its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in People in midlife looking backward. and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray. There is a chapel in Florence with a

fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their beated passions out of the boiling spring of an anhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his intirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious praents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday-the sitting room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies then plotting mischief on the fisor or under the table, your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nes-

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now today in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you could'nt wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cews at night and find them pushing You go for the their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass or in the rag capeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom

beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of and memory as the old ivy and the yelgeh sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots llaying hide and seek mid the long on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from | ever since. his brow may have gone to his everlast-The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may for it? Have you rehearsed all said: "Good night, papa; good night | against the plague.

You may have in your windows now

these blessed reminiscences? Oh. God for a Christian father! thank Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of when you set up your own household. exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your ery. But you are better, or perhaps plans for the future. The most insig- even well. Have you thanked God nificent affair in your life became the that today you can come out in the subject of mutual consultation and ad- | fresh air; that you are in your place to visement. You were so happy you felt hear God's name and to sing God's you never could be any happier. One praise and to implore God's help and to day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker. | who healeth all our diseases and rebut out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet cial embarrassment. I congratulate started on an eternal journey, and you some of you on your recrative profession were to lead them, a gem to flash in occupation, on ornate apparel, on a

heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. | commodious residence-everything you Eternal ages of light and darkness put your hands on seems to turn to watching the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and are like the ship on which Paul sailed you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immertal treasure | en by the violence of the waves. By was placed. You prayed and rejoiced an unadvised indorsement, or by a conand wept and wondered. You were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that There was an additional interhome. est why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a

fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in suddenly become silent forever. And this sad world, but the saddest sound now sometimes, whenever in sudden that is ever heard is the breaking of a annoyance and without deliberation you

stupendous mission.

mother's heart' I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house or through your office or your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I am not ready for it. Oh, God have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you to you it was a cavern, down which went lost prodigal," and, though those hands Sabbath is resurrected today. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help the covering, that the old picture may you. This day kneel at the foot of array it in a white robe and palm branch mercy and start again for heaven. Start now as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

my time in going over the advantages ates! Blessed the weeping eye from of your life. I just put them in one which the soft hand of Jesus wipes great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. 1 ou are a mere wreck of of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two-the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you started life, your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright clear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first and the richest harvest for etornity.' sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an un- | land! healthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after our past existence. What a moment awhile the truth flashed on you. You | that will be! I place Napoleon's dying walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it: I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over

property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure! But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom. and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness-thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there, Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup "Let it to put it to your lips God said, angels, another cup was put into your lation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your head and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken them stirs in your soul so much charm | heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so. Father, for so it seemeth good in thy

little one in your arms and with it leap-

ed the grave, how gladly you would

have done it! If you could let your

sight! Ah, it was your first trouble. How The father who use to come in | did you get over it? God comforted sunburued from the field and sit down you, You have been a better man You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been have put down her gray head on the spiritually better ever since that night

mamma. Meet me in heaven. But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was Thank God for an early Christian altar sickness. The child's tread on the at which you were taught to kneel! stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord

deemeth our lives from destruction. Perhaps your last sorrow was a finangold. But there are others of you who where two seas met, and you are brokjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic. you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning Have you kept that vow? Have you world? Have you, amid all your losses neglected any of these duties? Is and discouragements, forget that there your home as much to you as it used to was bread on your table this morning be? Have those anticipations been and that there shall be a shelter for gratified? God help you in your sol- your head from the storm, and there is emn reminiscence, and let his mercy | air for your lungs and blood for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul? Perhaps your last trouble was a be-

reavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving. watchful of all your ways, exurant over your success without saying a ach although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts-is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Ab:aham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but all your hopes and all your expectabe all withered away, that communion tions. But cheer up, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to and have it all ready to your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the But I must not spend any more of | importunate cry that Jesus compassionaway the tear!

Some years ago I was sailing down the St John river, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by 'interval land?" he said, "this land is sub-"Well, merged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water. and the water leaves a deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is a richer harvest than I know of elsewhere." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church, and it is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gonethe soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way-that voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and | yields the greatest fruits of righteousness and the largest harvest for time Bless God that your soul is interval

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, 20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium-"Tete d'armee"-"Head of the army." Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dythe bright eyes, never to see them again | ing in the cabin of the ship in the harsparkle. If you could have taken that | bor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said 'Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, hands. It was the cup of God's conso- will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dunneon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening

Praying Againt Caterpillars.

A remarkable demonstration took place at St. Hilaire, Que., Tuesday, Caterpillars, which last year played havoc with apple orchards, seemed to be more numerous and vigorous than before. A crusade against them was formally opened in the parish church a year to 18 or 20 months do not enhere, where mass was solemnized, after which a religious procession, headed by the priest, M. Laffame, and the choir boys, followed by 150 or more parishioners, marched through the in-

THE OLD VETERANSI SHE KILLED HIM

was carried by S B Scott. The 23d Alabama regiment had a very large battle flag. It was much torn and burned. It was carried by

W D Campbell. Col Zimmerman Davis's old regimental flag, that of the 5th cavalry, was in line, and was carried by N B Eison, of Jonesville. There is not much of the old flag left to tell the glorious story of its fighting.

The 6th Georgia regiment was under special escort of four old soldiers in full Confederate uniform. The flag was carried by Mr. Steel.

The 3d South Carolina cavalry regiment, which was commanded by Col

Colcock, had its flag in line. The ban-ner was borne by J W Meggett. Then came in a bunch the flags of the following regiments; 21st North Carolina, H B Hauser, bearer; 8th North Carolina, McAllister, bearer;

51st North Carolina, McKethan, bearer; 12th South Carolina, Dunnovant's old regiment, S W Ruff, bearer.

Lucas's Battery had its old battle flag in line, and it was borne by Capt Lucas himself. The flag of the 2d Tennessee was carried by Guss Walker, of that State.

Col Zabel, of the 14th Louisiana,

has a battle flag that has a record.

Eleven men were killed or wounded while carrying that flag to the front. The 3d Georgia has a rather pecularly shaped battle flag. It started on its memorable record at the battle of Malvern Hill, and was never known to lead

in a retreat. The flag of the privateer "Jefferson Davis" was displayed, and excited considerable attraction.

REVIEWED BY GEN. GORDON. At Marion square Gen Gordon stationed himself to review the magnificent procession that, as it passed looked every man of five thousand or more. As Gen Hampton, Gen Lee and Gen Cabell joined Gen Gordon they lined themselves up with him and joined in the reviewing of the splendid line of soldiers.

The officers of the Memorial Association, the sponsors and quite a large party of Veterans and others went directly up to the Cemetery, where the tribute was to be paid to the memory of the dead soldiers, while the body of the Veterans went to the Auditorium buildug, where exercises were to be held in honor of the dead soldiers and those who were carrying on the work.

The idea wss to have the salute fired on Marion square, the ode reading and the decoration of the graves occur simultaneously at the different places.

AT MAGNOLIA. At the cemetery the exercises were simple, but beautiful. They were conducted by Col James G Holmes, who knows so well how to attend to such tender affairs. The opening prayer was delivered by Bishop Capers. The Rev Dr A Toomer Porter read an ode for the occasion, and the benediction was delivered by Bishop Stevens, of Orangeburg. The graves were then decurated by the young ladies of the Confederate Home, and by the ladies of the Memorial Association and the ladies of the Daughters of the Confeder-

AT THE AUDITORIUM. The main body of the Veterans went to the Auditorium, where they participated in the Memorial exercies at that

Before the exercises were formally opened the band played "Dixie," and of the "old rebs," as they call themselves, had for the first time opportuniline of march had been too much for the old grey-haired soldiers, and when they heard "Dixie" the cheering was intense, and up went flags and banners and hats to join in the chorus of applause, as it were.

Gen. Walker invited Gen. Gordon to take charge of the memorial exercises, which Gen Gordon graciously consent-

ed to do. present to make a speech, as another had been selected for that honor. He then paid a glowing tribute to the noble women of the South, who had done so much for the men and for the history of the country. He said that some Frenchman had said that a Frenchman was to be counted upon for bringing about that which was great and new, but if he viewed things correctly that which had changed things for the South. and those who had cast the minds of the South and made of it all that was great and true were the noble women. livered he called on Chaplain Jones to

deliver a prayer. Ceaplain Jones, in the course of his the custom of decorating the graves he story of the whole affair." prayed that God forbid that the custom prayed that the noble women of the scious. South continue to give the South such men as they had had, and that the good women of the Southland keep up the noble work they had so earnestly undertaken.

Dr Jones said that the women of the South had started the custom of decofollowed, and he was willing to grant take away from the Southern women this noble privilege.

Gen George Moorman, of Louisiana, was then presented and delivered the memorial address of the day.

Be Careful, Mothers.

Mothers, in training their little ones to walk, seem never to think of how the bones grow: that the bones in a child's leg are soft, half castilaginous. and that it is an easy thing to bend them. Hence the need of being careful about having their children walk too soon, or of keeping them on their feet too long when they are first learning to walk. The senseless conduct of many parents in urging their children to walk prematurely is productive of lasting injury. Long before soft bones ought to have any strain put upon, them, you will see these poor infants made to stand, and even to walk, and by the time they are 14 or 16 months old their legs are bent very considerably. Pitiful and permanent deformities produced in this way are seen on every hand. Indeed, a person whose legs have not been bent, more or less, either outward or inward, by fond parental ambition. is almost an exception among us. Under a year let the child creep; but do not let it walk, seldom, indeed, stand, and then only for a moment, and from

up on its feet to make it walk. Is it the best? Taste and see. Best in taste, best in results. No nauseating dose, but so pleasant and natural in | pany in Chicago, and to have swindled pillow in the valley, but forget that when the little one for the last time home you never will. Have you thanked put its arms around your neck and ing divine assistance in their battle effects that you forget you have taken their victims out of sums aggregating tf medicine.

A Deceiver Shot by the Woman He Had Fooled.

A SAD, SAD STORY.

Lawyer Wile, of Chicago, Deceived Miss Burke and

> She Killed Him While He Sang.

wounded David J. Wile, a lawyer of yells. prominence, as he sat at a piano in a room in a house at 2753 Washington avenue, Chicago, and was singing a love song.

After shooting Wile Miss Burke sent a bullet into her own heart and fell dead at the man's feet. Wile is an attorney with a large practice, having a suite of offices in the Hartford building, Madison and Dearborn streets. He resides with his wife and fourteen year-old daughter at 3749 Indiana avenue.

Wile had led the young woman to believe that he was a single man and had promised to make her his wife. Last Monday Miss Burke, who lived with friends at 6339 Champlain avenue. learned that Wile was married and the shock was such that it is believed her mind became unbalanced.

During the past year Wile had paid Miss Burke attention, calling frequently at the house where she boarded. He brought her flowers and other presents. His apparent devotion won her love. Miss Burke had for some time been in poor health. Recently she decided, after an unsuccessful operation, to try Christian science and moved to the Hotel Norwood, on Michigan avenue, in order to be near the scientist who was treating her. Wile visited her there, he was recognized by some of the residents of the hotel, and Miss Burke was informed that he was mar-

On Monday she consulted the city directory and went to Wile's home where she told Mrs. Wile of her husband's perfidy. Mrs. Wile said tonight that Miss Burke appeared nearly distracted when she left after an hour's interview, and that she was not surprised when the news of the tragedy reached her. Tuesday Miss Burke went to a friend and borrowed \$10. With that money she bought a revol-

Developments show that the shooting was premeditated, for in the woman's trunk was found a letter addressed to a friend, in which she said that her earthly struggles would soon be ended. She made a few requests regarding her funeral. In the letter she did not mention Wile's name. She requested that no wo.d be spoken for her at her funeral, but asked for music. She also asked that her burial should not be at Coloma, Mich., where her father, Richard Burke, lives, because of some family misunderstand-

This afternoon Miss Burke met Wile place, and heard the splendid address and they went together to the house on f General George Moorman, of Louisi- Wabash avenue kept by Mrs. A. E. which there was a piano. They were shown into a room, where Wile at once it would be difficult to realize a more | seated himself at the piano and began exultant gathering. The pent-feelings to hum a melody, a love song which he had often sung to his companion. She had said nothing to him of her discov-

> Wile had run his fingers over the standing silently behind him. A revolver shot rang out and three more following in rapid succession. Wile swayed on the piano stool, but did not

As he turned he saw Miss Burke fall Gen Gordon said that he was not lifeless at his feet. A colored maid rushed into the room and found Wile with blood pouring from his

wounds. Later he was taken to the Post Graduate hospital, where it was found that all three of Miss Burke's shots had taken effect. One bullet had penetrated the skull just back of the left ear: one entered the neck at the base of the

back near the heart. Before the address of the day was de- to the morgue. Policemen carried the news of the tragedy to Mrs. Wile.

"I have expected this," she said. Only Monday Miss Burke came to me prayer, blessed the noble women for and asked me if Mr. Wile was my husthe devotion they had paid to the band. I told her he was. We had a heroes of the South, and in speaking of | long talk, during which she told me the

Mrs. Wile went to the hospital. should ever be allowed to die out. He | where she found her husband still con-

"I have much to explain to you," said as his wife bent over him. "No explanations are necessary," she replied. "I know all and freely forgive

Wile told the officers and physicians that his relations with Miss Burke had rating the graves: the custom had been | never been improper; that he met her in a professional way, and that she bethat others follow, but not that they came infatuated with him. She met him today, he said and asked him to play and sing for her. He consented, and they went to the house together, where she shot him as he was playing and singing.

Mrs. Boane, with whom Miss Burke had lived for several years, said tonight that Wile's story is a tissue of falsehoods. She declared that he had met with his just deserts,

Miss Burke was a stenographer in the offices of the Etna Insurance company until some months ago, when Wile is 40 years old. He was still

garded as a question of a few hours. Titled Swindlers.

Baron Edgar de Bara, who is charged with using the mails to defraud a number of persons in England, went before Judge Kohlsaat in the United States district court in Chicago Thursday afternoon with a petition to have his bail reduced from \$10,000, but when he left a few minutes later his bond had been raised to \$11,000. The court ordered a bond of \$10,000 in each of the 11 indictments, which were returned against the titled prisoner and his wife by the last federal grand jury. The Baroness Fanny de Bara, who is at liberty on courage it to walk much, still less set it \$500 bail, will also appear in court to plead Monday. The de Baras are said to have represented themselves as that Japan is about to appeal to the agents of the Edison Phonograph com-

\$50,000.

SEVEN THOUSAND ROBE.

Wade Hampton Given a Grand Ovation

in Charleston.

Wade Hampton was given one of the grandest ovation of his life in Charles ton Tuesday night. He was the central figure of the exercises at the dedication of the auditorium. Hampton was honored to the fullest measure, and when he was introduced and rose the more than 7,000 people in the audience rose en masse. The cheering was deafening and men, women and children waved Because she learned that she had their handkerchiefs and hats in the air. been deceived, Mabel Burke, a young the old soldiers making the occasion woman of 24, recently shot and fatally more thrilling with their genuine rebel

> The ovation was fully equal to that memorable one at Richmond a few years ago, and the old hero appreciated it. He had but a few words to say when he addressed the audience. Mayor Smythe in introducing him made use of the words of Shakespeare: I do not think a braver gentleman * is now alive." He referred to Gen. Hampton as the noble citizen of Charleston who honored his people Tuesday night-the man first in the hearts of Charleston people.

> Gen. Hampton said he had not gone to Charleston to make a speech. He referred to the welcome always given him there, and said that this one re called to his mind the scenes of and the men he had commanded. was Charleston that had given him the means to accomplish what was done in 1876. He referred to his childhood memories of St. Michael's chimes. There were no people he loved and valued more than the people of Charleston.

What Changed Them?

Every high official and great light formerly in the ranks of the Republican party were bimettalists and favored the free coinage of silver by the United States-after 1873, when British gold had purchased its demonetization, without the knowledge of those who voted for it, every statesman in the then Republican party favored its remonetization, and every national Republican platform done likewise until the bosses of the party sold it out, bag, baggage, brains and boodlers to the money changers at St Louis, in 1896. and put Marcus Hanna in possession as master of the hounds and keeper of President McKinley. These are facts, and are substantiated by the records. Why, at the national convention of the g. o. p. in 1888, when this same William McKinley was chairman of the committee on platform, he wrote in that document these words: "The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the Democratic administration in is efforts to demonetize silver." What a change seems to have come over William since that time -but that was before Mark became his master. At that time also, every metropolitan paper of any prominence was in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Will some or all of the Assistant Republican papers in South Carolina, who pretend to know everything about the money question, explain why the g. o. p. deserted free silver at the bidding of Hanna and the other boodlers.

A Great Battle Pending.

The greatest political convention this century will be that of the Democratic party next year to nominate the man who will succeed McKinley as president. It will either be the hottest and most fiercely contested battle of the century between the people and the ty of escaping. The scenes along the ery of his deception, and he had no plutocrats, or it will be all one sided, reason to fear that she might do him and for the people-let us work for the latter. The gold clique will use every means in their power to capture the piano keys several times, Miss Burke convention, for well they know they can never again fool or coerce the masses into voting into office another Republican to be simply a man Friday for the billionaire trusts to command. It will be well, even now, for silver men to be on their guard against sending delegates to precinct, county or state conventions, who are not known to be true blue. This precaution is necessary in order to keep the silver forces in command. One hears a great deal about the "silver craze" being over and such other rot, but it all emenates from the gold bug Republicans or their active allies, the gold-bug Democrats or Assistant Republicans as they are somebrain, and the third penetrated the times more properly called, who try t fool themselves into the notion that The attendant physicians said that what they claim is true. The silver there was no possibility of Wile's re- issue will be the most prominent one covery. Miss Burke's body was taken | in next year's battle, and all friends of the white metal should do all they can to gain a glorious victory for the people over the Mark Hanna's and their puppets of the McKinley stripe.

Death of a Prominent Negro.

Frank W. McCarthy; one of the most prominent Negroes in southwest Georgia, died at his home in Albany. Tuesday. His funeral occurred from the A. M. E. church Wednesday afternoon and was attended by an immense concourse of both whites and blacks. For the first time in the history of Albany, a town of 8,000 inhabitants, every store and office was closed in honor of a Negro, no business being transacted while the funeral was in progress. McCarthy never dabbled in politics, but was probably the most influential Negro in the county. His death is deplored alike by white and colored people.

A Bold Hold Up Six masked burglars early Wednes-

day held up Emmett Meyer, night watchman at Bengal's Bavarian brewery, Wilmington, Del., and engineer Festing, and blew open the safe and carried off five hundred dollars in cash and three hundred dollars in cash, and nine hundred dollars in checks. Meyer, twenty minutes later telephoned the she was compelled by ill health to give | police, who expect to catch the burgup her place. She was an attractive lars during the day. Meyer was held up by four masked men as he approached the building and was bound. After alive at midnight, but his death is re- the explosion the men ran off and Meyer got loose and started to hunt Festing, who he found tied to the engine room.

Doctor and Family Cremated.

The residence of Dr. L. C. Bagwell, 10 miles east of Dalton, Ga., was burned early Wednesday. Dr. Bagwell, his three children and their negro housekeeper were burned to death. It is supposed a lamp which Dr. Bagwell had on a table near his bed exploded. WE have been sending missionaries

to Japan and trying to Christianize the people of that country, whom we have been accustomed to regard as only partially enlightened, and now it is said United States to stop the slaughter of the Filipinos, and offers to become a mediator to bring about that result.



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STRIKING A MATCH.

Man, Wicked Man; Will Do It Anywhere He Can.

"I may be wrong," said the little woman in the cross seat of the car, "but I fully believe that a man would strike in the course of his ten years' employa match on the tombstone of his moth- ment as a diver has had many interester," and her eyes snapped and her ing experiences and close calls from cheeks flushed at the idea of such a death. sacrilege.

and there again will come in view the to tell a few of his experiences. cabalistic brown tracks, the "blazed ing guild.

On every side of lampposts, fireplugs and bulk window frames are to be found the trail of the successor of the tinder box and steel. Letter boxes, street corners, every pillar in the elevated structures, door jambs, washstands and dressing cases possess the hiero or pyro-glyphic.

Even church-edifices are not sacred light. Even altar rails have been visited by the same torch. In fact, there following April to complete the job. is no place too sacred or too much out of the way not to have, at one time or the other, received the necessary

friction required to secure a light. Armed with a match, and a slight of a buoy which marked the location blaze being a necessity, the holder will of the wreck, and was hung up for flame from the sulphur tipped sliver of who has paid to see. A made up bald head is an attractive spot, and furnished the desired place for coaxing the theater patrons. It always succeeds, and would have been a star performance coeval with Joe Miller's joke book had matches been in existence at that

As With One Voice They Spoke Up. At a little gathering not long ago the guests played some simple games and told ghost stories, and managed to have a good time in the old-fashioned way. Pretty soon one of the gentlemen "I don't believe we appreciate what

a steady old slow coach the human brain is. Notwithstanding all our talk about quick wits, and flashes of intelligence, the brain is not so easily thrown from its accustomed ruts. If, for instance, I ask a question which is entirely new to you, but which your honest old brain mistakes for a query quite similar in construction, it will go right ahead and telegraph the reply in its own hidebound way." "That sounds interesting," said one

of the guests, "but show us an exam-"I will," said the first speaker, "with

the proviso that you answer it promptany haste, quietly asked: "Who saved the life of Pocahontas?"

"John Smith!" roared twenty voices. "You see." said the questioner.

Alcoholic Milk. It has long been known that gingerbeer is a favorite drink of teetotalers, as being cooling and refreshing, but it is not so generally known that it contains an appreciable quantity of alcohol-about 2 per cent. It has now been discovered by a German chemist that milk containing alcohol can be got "straight from the cow." He was employed to examine some milk which had an irritating taste, and discovered that it contained alcohol to the amount of 0.96 per cent. The cause was not far to seek, for the herd belonged to a distillery, and were fed on the waste, which contained alcohol, which alcohol was excreted in the milk. It will, however, be a comfort to really enthusiastic teetotalers to know that the obnoxious addition was easily driven off by heat. Alcoholic preparations of milk, such as koumiss, have, of course, been known from time immemorial,

but the fact of alcoholic milk straight

from the cow is, at first sight, start-

The native Brazilian, far removed as he usually is from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is slashed or scratched. Truth to tell, the average surgeon could do the job no better than these little insects. The ant has two strong nippers on his head. They are his weapons for battle or a forage. When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the bug a squeeze. The indignant insect naturally snaps his nippers together, piercing the flesh and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment gives the ant's body a jerk, and away it flies, leaving the nippers imbeded in the flesh, that kills the ant, but, as he has served his most useful purpose, in life. it is well. The operation is repeated until the wound is sewed up neatly and thoroughly.

The Fishing Otter.

Chinese and Indian fishermen have an ingenious way of training the otter. They catch the small cub and put a collar round the throat. The little creature, finding itself unable for days together to swallow anything it catches gives up trying to do so, and finally believes for the rest of its life that an otter can only swallow such food as it receives direct from its master's hand, and, accordingly, it faithfully brings to the bank all the fish it cap-

Insurance Again t Theft. The increasing number of robberies in France has led to one formation of

an assurance society against losses by theft. The amount of money paid to the victims of the light-fingered gentry depends, of course, on the premiums re ceived by the association. It might pay such a company ,it is suggested, to start a school of thieves, as the more widely the latter ply their trade, the greater is likely to be the success of the new enterprise. A Close Call.

A well-known Portland, Me. man,

who is the possessor of a wooden leg. had a queer experience the other day. In some way the paper in the waste basket under the desk caught fire, and the flames were communicated to the STORY OF A DIVER.

Perilous Adventures of a Man Whose

Daily Work is Under River or Sea. Diver Robert E. Case of Portland.

Chase is about 35 years of age, stands Go where one will, into the most out about 5 feet 10 inches and weighs over of the way places or corner to ignite a 160 pounds, and is one of the pleasantmatch, telling streaks will be found as est men that one would care to meet. positive proof that a match striker has He is very modest-seldom talking been there before. Raise the drapery about his own work, but a while about a mantel and peer underneath ago the writer succeeded in getting him

Probably one of the most important away," as it were, of the match strik- jobs upon which he ever worked, and certainly one of the longest, was the laying of the water pipes across the Kennebec River at Bath. This job required the laying of 3,000 feet of big waterpipe, with a ball and socket join in water, the average depth of which was fifty feet. Sometimes the depth was over seventy and at times down to about thirty. The conditions that prevailed at that point were such that the when the hurry call is issued for a divers could only work upon the tide, and so it took from August until the

A few years ago Mr. Chase nearly

lost his life while at work raising a

sloop which had sunk in Boothbay

Harbor. He got fouled with the cable

make for the nearest spot to obtain forty minutes. His air hose was the necessary friction. Upon the va- caught in such a way that but very litriety stage, even, the production of the air could get through it with the pump working to its best advantage, wood is utilized by queerly made up but the pump was an old one and did mummers to win the laugh of the man not work well. When he was finally cleared and hauled to the surface he was unconscious and black in the face from the want of air. It was feared flame and bringing a laugh from the that he would die, but he recovered, and on the next day went down and finished the work of raising the sloop. Probably the closest call that Chase ever had was while using dynamite to blow out the pilings of an old bridge which had been torn down. His tender was a new one, who had never worked for a diver before. Chase went down and placed the stick of dynamite in position and started to come back to

> with a rope, and signalled the tender to send him down a rope. The tender misunderstood the signal, and, turning to the man who was looking after the battery, called out:

where he would be hauled to the sur-

face. He had covered part of the dis-

tance when he discovered a pile that

would not have to be blown, but which

could readily be hoisted to the surface

"It's all right, fire the charge!" Now it happened that the man who was looking after the battery was an old and experienced tender and knew that it wasn't all right to fire the charge while the man was under water. He went to the side of the float and took hold of the lifeline just in time to receive the second signal for a rope from Chase. The rope was sent down, but it was night before Chase knew of his narrow escape. The tender who came near ending Chase's experience as a diver only worked one more day and then quit-he never came around

after his pay, either. It was while at work on this job that Chase, together with his tender and helpers, was blown up by a dynamite explosion. He had been down and placed the charge, but the tide, which was setting out strong, washed it down almost under the float. Chase had just reached the top and leaned over the side of the float in the usual attitude of divers when resting, when the charge was exploded. The shock threw the float and all the men into the air, and Chase must surely have been thrown into the water but for the presence of mind of the same man who

saved him the other time, who caught him and held him on the float. The wonder of this accident was that any one came out of it alive, for upon the float was a case of 100 sticks of dynamite, which, fortunately, was not

exploded by the shock. Chase says the most disagreeable part of his work is diving for dead bodies. He has made several quick recoveries of bodies during his career as a diver. One of these was in Lewiston about two years ago, when he recovered the body of a Bates College student named Wells. In just nineteen minutes from the time he dove he had the

body out of the water upon the bank. The deepest water in which he ever worked was off Egg Rock, near Bar Harbor. Here he was down 100 feet at work upon the wreck of a Gloucester

Facts Tersely Told.

Cut glassware would be more popular if dealers would cut prices. A man is seldom interested in the weight of another man's burden. Rumor is gossip's strong fort and

truth is the dynamite gun that reduces

It always hurts a girl when one of her old beaux marries her best girl friend. A bicycle puts the person who is

learning to ride it in touch with the whole earth. It's a wise man who can appear

stupid at times, but some men carry it to excess. Some girls admit that engagements

are failures, but they have their doubts as to marriages. The work of some artists who claim to be wedded to art doesn't indicate that there is even an engagement.

They say that matches are made in heaven, but his Satanical majesty seems to have a corner on the brimstone market. In the international checker game

the prince of Wales is slowly nearing the king row and little Alphonso seems to be cornered in it THE historian of the future, if he be

honest, will be in duty bound to refer to the last third of the nineteenth century, in the United States, as th "bond-age," for it was during those years that the money changers acquired, by bribery, complete control in this boasted land of the free. The first great "financial deal" they made was in buying Grant to become the tool of the gang, and forsake the people-and they, the shylocks, have worked the same deal with every president since wooden leg, gaining considerable head-; that time. But the beginning of the way before he realized what was up. next century will, we trust, find the He had a hot time of it for a few min- people turning over a new leaf and once utes but came out of it with a leg still more assuming the management of their affairs.